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WHO BEGAN THE WAR?—The facts on this point, says a Baltimore paper, may be stated very briefly. The United States, by the act of annexation, had or had not a right of territory to the Rio Grande. If we had that right, some recognition of it ought to be found in the terms of the act itself. No recognition of the claim is found there; no assertion of it is there made. The next view is that the United States, by annexing Texas, assumed all the territorial claims of Texas, which extended to the Rio Grande—farther than the authority of Texas had ever extended. If this position be taken, then the terms of the act of annexation, if they do not affirm it, must at least be silent, and affirm nothing against it. But what is the fact? By the very language of the act of annexation, the boundary line between Texas and Mexico is left undetermined, to be hereafter settled and fixed.

Nor is this all. The authority of Mexico over portions of the territory on this side of the Rio Grande was recognized after the measure of annexation was consummated. At the very moment when Texas was represented to the Congress of the United States, duties were paid at Point Isabel to Mexican officials—paid too by American citizens. It was not until Gen. Kearny's arrival at Santa Fe, that our traders from Independence ceased to pay duties on their goods to the Mexican authorities at Santa Fe. Nay, more than that—an official order was issued by Mr. Polk's Secretary of the Treasury regulating exportation to and importation from Santa Fe, as a Mexican town, while according to the present assumption, it was a town belonging to the territory of Texas.

Now, who ordered Taylor to advance upon the Rio Grande, and by what authority was that order given? Upon whose responsibility was the American camp, with strong fortifications, fixed within a few hundred yards of Matamoras, and American cannon pointed against the town? Who undertook to decide what the act of annexation left undecided, and subject to future agreement?—who undertook, we say, to decide the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and to decide it by force of arms, by hostile invasion and military occupation? Whoever did that, began the war, notwithstanding the declaration of the President's Message that war existed by the act of Mexico.

THE BULL-FIGHT; AN ILLUSTRATION OF WAR.

EVERY reader will remember the late royal marriages in Spain. They were followed, as a popular commemoration, by a great bull-fight, of which the London Times gives the following account:

"The grand square at Madrid was filled by spectators to the number of thirty thousand, all anxious to witness the *refined* pageant, and the exciting fight. Four grandee cavaliers entered the lists on spirited Andalusian horses; and the *Queen* at the hour appointed, gave the signal for the commencement of the fight, by throwing from the balcony where she sat the key of the stall containing the restive bull. The only weapon of the cavaliers was a short light spear with a steel point. At the first encounter, one of the cavaliers was thrown from his horse, and another fell under the animal, both injured, and obliged to retire from the scene. The third planted three lances in the bull, and finally killed him; but his horse became affrighted and threw his rider, who was compelled to leave the arena seriously wounded. The hero of the day, Don Antonio Romero, now alone remained, displaying a dauntless courage and inimitable skill, and killing four bulls by the dexterity of his spear. His bravery excited the feelings of the spectators to a pitch of the most frantic enthusiasm.

The fourth bull, before receiving his death blow, made a rush at Romero, and placing his horns low under the horse's belly, actually lifted into the

air the noble animal and his rider. The cavalier fell under his horse, into whose entrails the horns had entered, and both rolled together on the ground. A shout of terror at the danger of the cavalier, and of applause at the brave act of the bull, rent the air. It was for a moment believed, that Romero was either killed or seriously hurt; but tranquillity was at once restored, when, in a minute or two, both horse and rider rose from the ground, the rider seated as firmly in the saddle as though he had never been disturbed from it. Another shout hailed this new proof of excellent horsemanship; but the cry of admiration was beyond all description, when the next moment the spectators beheld the bull fall dead in the very act of preparing for another bound. This attack on the horse had been only a desperate effort of expiring strength, and was made at the very moment he received the last lance of the cavalier. Romero retired with some slight bruises, and was again and again saluted with the waving of handkerchiefs from the balconies, and the shouts of the multitude.

The combat was now sustained by regular and professed bull-fighters. Eleven bulls were killed and a proportionate number of horses. The preparations for the whole affair were made in a most splendid manner. Gorgeous draperies flaunted from banner and battlement. The horses were magnificently caparisoned, and nodding plumes waved in all directions. The royal balcony glittered in crimson and gold, the musicians were in grand costume, and the *caballeros* themselves superbly appointed. It was all done for the amusement of royal *children*! For the pleasure of wedded *babies*!"

True enough, it *was* all for *children*, for *BABIES*; but what better, rather, how much worse, is war, the fighting of man with man, the mutual butchery of rational, immortal creatures made in the image of God! Yet this has ever been, till quite recently, the chief sport of the world's great ones, the main business and glory of nations; and the people, always the tools and the victims, have gone well nigh mad with admiration of the bloody game!

We look with disgust on the childish folly of this scene, with a thrill of horror upon its savage barbarity; but its folly and its barbarity are both exceeded by the custom of war which all Christendom still cherishes.—What a degradation of nobility to take the lead in such brutal sports; and what a debasement of human nature to gaze upon them with delight, and wildly shout their praises! Yet here is a fit and striking illustration of war, in which the gifted and noble are ambitious to become leaders, and whose deeds of violence and blood are applauded to the skies, and rewarded with pensions and peerages, with the smiles of beauty, and the admiration of the world.—What a prostitution of royalty! A queen presiding at a bull-fight! Yet thus have the great ones of the earth always encouraged war, and kept alive among the people a fondness for its pomp, and an admiration of its exploits.—What devices to excite and sustain an interest in this bull-fight! Preparations most splendid; gorgeous draperies; horses magnificently caparisoned; plumes nodding in all directions; musicians in grand costume—the very means employed by war to gild over its abominations, and fill the multitude with admiration and delight.

It is truly surprising to what extent this semi-brutal practice is carried in Spain. At Madrid alone there have been, within the last fourteen years, no less than 2257 bulls, and 2934 horses killed in bull-fights; a total of 5191, or an average of 371 a year, and nearly 32 every month. What an index to the national character!